

# The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal---Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art. Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Advertisements \$1.00 per square for 3 weeks; for each cent.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

VOL. LX.

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1860.

NO. 8.

## SHERIFF'S SALES.

IN pursuance of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court house, in the Borough of Gettysburg, on Saturday, the 7th day of January next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following property, viz:

A TRACT OF LAND, situated in Hamiltontown township, Adams County, Pa., containing 150 acres, more or less, adjoining lands of William Culp, John Valentine, and others, improved with a two-story Log House, a one-story Log Tent House, a Barn, part stone and part frame, Saw Mill, also a two-story Tent House, part stone and part Log—also a Log Stable, also another one-story Tent House, three Orchards of fruit trees, a Spring House, with spring, &c. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Jacob DOLLER and Peter Brooks.

Also, by virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, on Friday the 6th day of January next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, TWO LOTS OF GROUND, situated on the Public Square, in the town of New Oxford, Adams County, Pa., adjoining lots of Joseph S. Gitt, John R. Hersch, and others, improved with a large two-story House, part stone and part frame, with a two-story Brick Back building attached, a Brick Stable, a Frame Stable, Smoke House, two wells of water, and other improvements—long known as Miley's Tavern Stand, and rendered a better stand than ever by the Gettysburg Railroad passing through that place—Seized and taken in execution as the property of GEORGE F. BECKER.

Also, by virtue of a writ of Levam Facias, will be offered at Public Sale, at the Court house, in Gettysburg, on Saturday, the 7th day of January next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

A TRACT OF LAND, situate in Butler township, Adams County, Pa., containing 23 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Samuel Diehl, Noah Miller, and others, improved with a Two-story Frame Weather-boarded House and a one-story Frame Back building attached. Seized and taken in execution as the property of GEORGE ALINGER.

ISAAC LIGHTNER, Sheriff. Dec. 19, 1859.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money upon all sales by the Sheriff must be paid over immediately after the property is struck down, or upon failure to comply therewith the property will be again put up for sale.

## PRIVATE SALE OF Valuable Real Estate.

BY virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, the Subscribes, Executor for the sale of the Real Estate of JAMES CLABAUGH, late of said County, deceased, offer at Private Sale the Real Estate of said deceased, near Middleburg, Carroll County, Md., comprising

## TWO FARMS,

CONTAINING

## 330 Acres of Land,

more or less. These Farms are beautifully situated, lie out in fields of convenient size, and under good fencing. The improvements on the upper Farm comprise a large two-story DWELLING, with water near the door; BANK BARN, Smoke House, Wash House, Carriage House, Corn Crib, and other needed out-buildings. There are two acres of Meadow and Timber Land.

The arable is good quality Red Land. On this tract there are two good ORCHARDS, of Apple and Peach Trees, in full bearing, and a great variety of other Fruit Trees, scattered over the Farm.

The lower Farm is watered, productive, and under good fencing, has thereon a fine young ORCHARD of select Fruit, together with all other kinds of Fruit Trees, growing upon a fair amount of excellent MEADOW LAND. It is improved with

a two-story weather-boarded DWELLING, with water near the door; LOG HOUSE, Spring and Barn, very good; Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, HAY HOUSE, &c.

The above described property will be offered at Private Sale on Thursday, January 12, 1860, and if not previously sold, will, on that day, at 2 o'clock, P. M., be offered at Public Sale.

Terms.—The purchaser or purchasers to pay to said Executor one-third part of the whole purchase money, on the day of sale, or on the ratification of the said sale by the Orphans' Court for Carroll County, and the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in one year and the other in two years from the day of sale; and to secure the two last named payments, the purchaser or purchasers shall give him, her or their notes, bonds or single bills, to the said Executor, with sufficient security, and bearing interest from the day of sale.

WM. H. CLABAUGH, Executor. Oct. 31—ts

## The Gettysburg Railroad.

Change of Hours for Running of Trains.

The MORNING TRAIN will leave Gettysburg at 6.30 A. M., connecting at Hanover Junction with Express train to Baltimore at 8.37, and Mail train from Baltimore at 9.49, returning to Gettysburg at 12.30 noon, with passengers from Baltimore, York, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and the North and West.

The AFTERNOON TRAIN will leave Gettysburg at 1 o'clock, P. M., connecting at Hanover Junction with Mail train to Baltimore at 3.37, returning to Gettysburg at 6.30, P. M., with passengers from York, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and the North and West.

By the above arrangement passengers can go either North or South on the Northern Central Railway both morning and afternoon. R. McCURDY, Pres't.

County Surveyor. JOHN G. BRINKERHOFF, Surveyor for the County of Adams. Office in Strahan township, 1st Post-Office address, Haverhill, Adams County, Pa. Dec. 5.

Everybody should have one of Tyson & Bro.'s "one plus ultra" pictures.

## Choice Poetry.

### BY-GONE DAYS AND THEE.

Oh! let me sing one gentle strain  
Of by-gone days and thee—  
Of days that never will come again,  
Yet bright in memory.  
Fond memory, in the urn will keep  
The cherished flower there,  
And softly o'er them tend and weep  
With kind and gentle care.  
Her sighs will fan each faded leaf,  
To keep them ever true and bright—  
Those by-gone days and thee.

### COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR.

Oh! do not stand so long outside,  
Why need you be so shy?  
The people's eyes are open, John,  
And they are gazing on you.  
You cannot tell what they may think,  
They've said strange things before,  
And if you wish to talk awhile,  
Come in and shut the door!  
Say, do not say "No, thank you, Jane,"  
With such a beautiful smile;  
You will win, please, "shipped" me,  
They meant "Yes" all the while.  
My father, too, will welcome you,  
I told you that before.  
If you don't look well standing here—  
Come in and shut the door!  
You say I did not answer you,  
To what was said last night;  
I heard the question in the dark—  
Thought out on it in the light.  
And now my lips will tell you what  
We both have said before.  
Yes, don't say "No," but stay awhile—  
Come in and shut the door!

## Miscellaneous.

### A Thought.

These have been days that we used to look for—that we dreamed for—that we dreamed over—impatiently waited for, waked up in the nights to see if they had come, and wondered who kept them on the way so long. Sometimes it was a Thanksgiving day we waited for, around which cling sweet memories of the past; sometimes a Christmas, when we slept with one eye open, that we might see Santa Claus when he came, and know what he had brought before it went into the stockings; sometimes it was New Year, when we would wake the house as the clock in the kitchen struck twelve, with "Happy New Year" to all; and then again perhaps it was a birthday, when we would be so old or so old; or the Fourth of July, when we would have fireworks and a cannon about the size of an ounce vial, and a white cotton flag with an eagle made of rag, and a dozen of stars around it, cut out of red flannel.

### A Word to the Boys.

I visited, a few days since, our State's prison. It was a awful scene, one I should be unwilling to look upon again. I cannot forget it if I would. I seem to see them still—that motley array of all ages and conditions. Not a word or even look at their fellows allowed, even under the eye of a vigilant keeper; and then, as they were examined, unheeded to their cells and locked up for the night, only to pursue again that unvaried round of labor for months and years, and some for life. Oh, how it made my heart ache. It was sad to see among them young men in their freshness and vigor, doomed by crime to that wretched life. Old men, too, even with grey hairs, were there; not a "crown of glory," but ladders of shame were theirs. But, if possible, it was sadder still to see among them, boys, one less than fourteen years of age, younger than one of my own little boys at home. And then I thought if he and other boys could once look upon such a scene, it would be a life-long lesson to them.

The warden very kindly answered all our inquiries, and what do you think brought that boy there? It was passion—uncontrolled temper. He commenced only in play, then got angry with a playmate, and in the heat of passion dealt blows that took his life. "He did not mean to do it," he said. Probably he did not, but his sorrow could not restore life. An indictment was found. He pleaded guilty, and now, in silence and in shame, the weary years that should have gladdened his parents' home, are dragged on in those prison walls.

Would he not say to you, boys, govern your temper?

Another sad fact the warden relates.—Of those one hundred and one convicts, all but six were brought there by the use of intoxicating drinks. I would hope not one of all the boys to whom the Messenger speaks, ever touch, taste, or handle the destroying cup; but very many of them, I fear, have not perfectly learned that difficult lesson—to conquer self. Do you ever think, when tempted to anger, to what it may lead?—American Messenger.

Phillips, the Irish orator, speaks thus feelingly of his birth-place: "There were the scenes of my childhood which reminded me how innocent I was, and the grave of my father to admonish me how pure I should continue."

## Practical Sermon.

Dropping into an African meeting-house, of the city, we found the sermon just commenced. The topic seemed to be the depravity of the human heart, and the sable divine thus illustrated his argument: "Brethren, when I was in Virginia, one day the old woman's kitchen table got broke, and I was sent down into de woods to cut a tree to make a new leaf for de table. So I took de ax on my shoulder, and I wonder de depth of de forest. All nature was beautiful as a lady going to de wedding. De leaves glistened on de maple trees like new quarter dollars. In de missionary box, de sun-shine was brilliant, and nature looked as gay as a buck rabbit in a basket patch, and de little bell round de old sheep's neck tinkled softly in de distance. I spied a suitable tree for de purpose, and I raised de ax to cut into de trunk.

It was a beautiful tree. De branches reached to de four corners of de earth, and I raise up so high in de air above, and de squirrels hop about in de limbs like de angels flopping der wings in de kingdom of heaven. Dat tree was full of promise, my friends, just like a great many of you. Den I cut into de trunk, and make de chips fly, like de mighty scales dropping from Paul's eyes. Two, three cuts I giv dat tree, and alas! it were hollow in de batt end-ah.—Dat tree was very much like you, my friends—full of promise outside, but hollow in de batt!

The groans from the amen corner of the room were truly contrite and affecting; but we will venture a very small wager that that was the most practical sermon preached in the city, on that day, at least.—Ind. Sentinel.

## A Bull on the Track.

Not long ago an eye-witness of the circumstance related a fight, or rather a conflict, between a Central Burine and a short-tailed, stiff-necked little bull belonging to a farmer living near the line. One very fine morning, as the locomotive was traveling down the country at a speed considerably faster than a snail or a six ox team, the engineer "looked up the road and saw the dust arising." Nearing the point, he discovered a live animal in the midst of it, pawing and snorting in a manner which showed that his bump of combativeness was largely developed.

The whistle instantly admonished him in anything but a whispering tone, that he was trespassing upon private rights, and his presence was demanded away from there. But the bovine specimen of flesh answered the admonition with a blast which, if uttered at the same time, would have drowned the scream of the locomotive, and which announced that the venter considered himself master of the position, or MacGregor in his native heath. To go round was not in the nature of the engine, and to get out of the way was not in the nature of the bull. This made up a distinct issue between the parties. As the engine rapidly neared, the short-tailed party squared him-self, and when within a few feet of each other, a mutual lunge was made, which resulted in a little bit more "har," hide and blood being distributed around there—and in quicker time than you ever saw on market morning in a butcher's lot. It is needless to say that the engine, like the French at Solferino, remained master of the ground. An Irish brakeman closed the series comely by remarking to the dejected bovine creature, "Y-r pluck, but de devil take your judgment."

## Ministerial.

The Rev. Mr. Peters was preaching, and having a large gift of continuance, was somewhat protracted in his discourse. Several of his hearers left in the midst of his sermon. One young man was on his way to the door, when Mr. Peters pointed his long finger at him, and said, "Brethren, that young man has as good a right to go out as any one." It is needless to say that he was the last deserter. At another time, when Mr. Peters was preaching, a young man started to leave the house, and making some noise as he went, Mr. Peters paused, and said, "I will finish my discourse when that young man gets out." The fellow very comely took his seat, and said, "then it will be some time before you get through it."

CHILDREN'S THOUGHTS.—The first time I took my oldest boy to church, when he was two and a half years old, I managed, with caresses, and frowns, and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he had climbed by his feet, and stood on the seat looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed in a distinct voice, "Mamma, make Papa say Amen."

Parents must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only government, firm and mild, but sympathy, warm and tender.—So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit, yesterday, you know that I said you had but sixteen hours to live." "Yes, doctor, you did; but I did not take the dose you left me."

## Fear of Servile Insurrection.

In a lecture delivered in Providence, R. I., on the 16th ult., Josiah Oving, Jr., of Boston, said:

"We do not realize the constant anxiety in which so many of our citizens perpetually are. More than forty years ago John Randolph said, in one of his speeches, 'The night bell never tolls for fire in Richmond that the mother does not clasp her infant closer to her bosom.' That fear still exists. A lady of my family traveled in the interior of Virginia just after the massacre committed by the slaves in Southampton. She was received with true Virginia hospitality; everything bore the appearance of wealth and tranquility in a family of a mother and five young ladies, whose beauty and refinement shed a charm over the home which they adorned. It seemed to be the abode of happiness. But appearances are deceitful. The lady of the house could not repress her feelings to her guest. All her husband's property consisted of slaves on the plantation. These she was ready to abandon if she and her daughters could only live in the Northern States, and support themselves by the labor of their hands. These feelings were easily accounted for by the scenes through which she had just passed. The news of the insurrection had been received. But few white men belonged to the place, and she was left alone, surrounded by slaves, with no male protector. She fortified the house, armed her daughters with rifles, and determined, if resistance was unavailing, to destroy them with her own hand, and set fire to the building and escape by death from a fate more to be dreaded. She remained for many hours in this position, and when at length a gentleman rode up, she fainted."

"I once heard a Southern gentleman laugh at the idea of being afraid of slaves; but shortly after, when speaking of another subject, he told me he never went to bed in his life without a pair of loaded pistols under his pillow. When we read the diatribes of some gentlemen from the South, we are apt to be provoked, and forget how many thousands of women and children live in constant and daily fear."

## A Perilous Ride.

The Howard (Ind.) Tribune gives this account of an exciting incident which occurred in a ladies' riding match at the fair in that county a few days since.

Presently one of the horses became obstinate, and his rider became "spunky." She used the whip freely and fearlessly, the horse grew mad and desperate, when here occurred a terrible scene. The enraged horse, a large bay, took the bit and ran at a furious speed. The crowd became wild, and cries that would daunt the inhabitants of Pandemonium, went up from hundreds of frightened mortals. The screams, yells, and shouts frightened a gray-colored gray horse, ridden by one of the ladies, and he went off as furiously as the bay. After a round or two the horses evidently got over their fright and entered into a contest for speed, but the multitude was still frightened, and as usual, lost their wits and began to scream. The horses went on, the bay still leading. Greyhound-like in his speed, and just as they passed our stand point, dashed gallantly into the lead.

By took courage, and ran like a frightened gazelle, at the quarter pole, collared the grey, and before the round was made opened a gap of full two lengths. Grey did not again get the lead, although at one time his nose was lying on the bay's quarters. About this time a daring fellow, who holds a tender relation to one of the riders, rushed through the circle, and as they passed, going at lightning speed he caught the reins of the grey, and that instant he was turning somersaults in the air. He landed twenty-nine feet from the place where he caught the horse. The lady then, for the first time, became alarmed, as she turned about to look after her (as she supposed) lost "lover," the saddle turned, and down she came head foremost towards the ground. Notwithstanding the screams that were heard before, we discovered from the noise made at this moment that the crowd had been filled with "pent up feelings." But a host of gallant fellows blocked the track with their bodies, and the lady released from the stirrup by which she was hanging.

There is a beautiful tradition, and it may be true, that of all the multitude who condemned the Redeemer, who covered him with curses, who visited him with torture, who nailed him on the cross, who exclaimed before Pilate "his blood be upon us and upon our children"—that, in all this scene of blasphemy and blood, no woman's face was seen, no woman's voice was heard.—Hence they tell us that the women of Judea are favored by Heaven peculiarly with beauty; and that the harshness of countenance and the worldliness of thought and temper which belong to the men of this people have not impressed themselves upon the other sex. They are distinguished for a peculiar mildness, a soft and winning beauty; the heroines, like Rebecca, in Ivanhoe, of many a story of persecution against this unfortunate race; and especially for an eye dark, lustrous, and expressive: "That eye, which mild as the gazelle's, Wins as it wanders, dazzles as it dwells!"

A contemporary wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. We don't know. But certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.

Girls want nothing but husbands, and when they have got them, they want everything else.

## Gen. Jackson.

His VALOR WISEN A BOY.—The following incident of the boyhood of General Jackson is copied from Parton's Life of Jackson. It occurred during the partisan war in the Waxhaws:

In that fierce Scotch-Indian warfare, the absence of a father from home was often a better protection to his family than his presence; because his presence invited attack. The main object of both parties was to kill the fighting men, and to avenge the slaying of partisans. The house of the quiet hero Hicks, for example, was safe until it was noised about among the Tories that Hicks was at home. And thus it came to pass that when a whig soldier of any note desired to spend a night with his family, his neighbors were accustomed to turn out and serve as a guard to his house while he slept. Behold Robert and Andrew Jackson, with six others, thus employed one night in the spring of 1781 at the domicile of a neighbor, Captain Sands. The guard on this occasion was more a friendly tribute to an active partisan than a service considered necessary to his safety. In short, the night was not far advanced before the whole party were snugly housed and stretched upon the floor, all sound asleep, except one, a British deserter, who was restless, and dozed at intervals.

Danger was near. A band of Tories, bent on taking the life of Captain Sands, approached the house in two divisions; one party moving towards the front door, the other towards the back. The wakeful soldier, hearing a suspicious noise, rose, went out of doors to learn its cause, and saw the stealthily nearing house.—He ran in in terror, and seized Andrew Jackson, who lay next the door, by the hair, and exclaimed:

"The Tories are upon us!" Andrew sprang up and ran out. Seeing a body of men in the distance, he placed the end of his gun in the low fork of a tree near the door, and hailed them. No reply. He hailed them a second time. No reply. They quickened their pace, and had come within a few rods of the door. By this time, too, the guard in the house had been roused, and were gathered in a group behind the boy. Andrew discharged his musket, upon which the Tories fired a volley, which killed the hapless deserter who had given the alarm. The other party of Tories, who were approaching the house from the other side, hearing this discharge, and the rush of bullets above their heads, supposed that the firing issued from a party that had issued from the house. They now fired a volley, which sent a shower of balls whizzing about the heads of their friends on the other side. Both parties hesitated, and then halted. Andrew having thus, by his single discharge, puzzled and stopped the enemy, retired to the house, where he and his comrades kept up a brisk fire from the windows. One of the guard fell mortally wounded by his side, and another received a wound less severe. In the midst of this singular contest, a bugle was heard some distance off, sounding the cavalry charge; whereupon the Tories, concluded that they had come upon an ambush of whigs, and were about to be assailed by horse and foot, fled to where they had left their horses, mounted, dashed pell-mell into the woods, and were seen no more. It appeared afterwards that the bugle charge was sounded by a neighbor, who judging from the noise of musketry that Capt. Sands was attacked, and having not a single man with him in his house, gave the blast upon the trumpet, thinking that even a trick so stale, aided by the darkness of the night, might have some effect in alarming the assailants.

Col. William Williams, a delegate in Congress from Connecticut, after having signed the Declaration of Independence, said to one of his companions: "If we are defeated in our struggle for independence, this day's work will make bad work for me. I have held a commission in the rebel army, I have written for rebel newspapers, I am the son-in-law of a rebel Governor, and now I affix my name to this rebel declaration. My sins are too great to be pardoned by my royal master; I must then be hanged."

The other gentleman answered: "I believe your case is not so desperate; for I have had no connection with the army; nor can it be proved that hereafter I have written or done anything obnoxious to the mother country."

The immediate and prompt reply was: "Then, sir, you deserve to be hanged!"—Anecdotes of the Revolution.

## A HARD-HEARTED SCHOOLMASTER.

A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Sambia, who for fifty-one years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity.—From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 catostrokes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6,000 kneel on the sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator.

We rejoice to see that one man has had to pay roundly for keeping a bad dog. The dog ran out of a house in New York and severely bit a boy. The owner was sued, and tried to make it appear that the dog had teased the dog, but it was no go. The jury found the dog guilty of unjustifiable assault, and made his owner pay one hundred dollars damages, besides cost.

## The Schoolmaster's Promise.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph tells the following anecdote of his old schoolmaster, "Old Haskins": "Boys," said he, smilingly, one day.

"What's up, thought we, and were all attention. It was like a sunbeam through a heavy cloud, when "Old Haskins" smiled, and the phenomenon was unaccountable. "Boys," said he, "I am about to bargain with you for good behavior, (change of tactics, verily.) I desire that you shall conduct yourself with decorum for one week, and I will promise to show you a curiosity—what no man ever saw; and, having shown it to you, what no man shall ever see again!"

"Yes, sir,"—"agreed"—"I yir yir!" and various other expressions of acquiescence came from every corner of the room; and school was dismissed at an early hour, leaving the boys to gaze in each other's eyes in astonishment, as if to answer to the riddle which had stolen upon them as a pleasant dream.

An anxious week followed—a week of curiosity, bewilderment, hope, and pleasure in embryo. Out of school it was all the talk—"what no man ever saw, and what no man will ever see again!" not even the author of the terrible promise. What could it be?

Another and another day, until at last the identical one named dawning upon the gladdened young hearts.

Nine o'clock came—every urchin at his post—books and slates all in readiness and ignorance—every task fully committed to memory. An active mind not wedded too closely to orthodox ideas, would have divined at once the great advantage of rewards, and kindness, over oppression and cruelty. But our old tutor was inviolable. Unmake him! Never. You could not alter his plan one iota.

Tingle! tingle! sounded the little bell—that little bell had a voice as well as a tongue. Boys all attention! eyes, ears, mouth all agape! momentous epoch!

Old Haskins raised the lid of his desk, and adjusted his spectacles upon his nasal projection, and proceeded to the solemn ceremony.

"Attention, school!" roared the tutor.—A single order was all that was necessary—you might have heard a pin drop. "The hour has arrived; behold in my upraised fingers a single almond," (terrible suspense!) "In this almond is a kernel," (exclamations break the shell and exposes the tiny thing.) "This no man ever saw!" Then opening his capacious jaws, exposes an array of decayed ivory and raw flesh, that reminds us of a Bengal tiger, he thrusts in the mysterious kernel—crushes and swallowed it!

"Boys," exclaimed he with great emphasis, "boys you will never—no man will ever see that kernel again! To your lessons you rascals, every dog of you!"

A Triple Marriage. On the 21st inst., Dr. W. H. Hopsan married three sisters, Misses Zerilda, Margaret and Demarius Breshers, daughters of Mr. Thomas Breshers, of Palmyra, to Messrs. G. J. Dixon, of Palmyra; T. B. Kemper, of Shelby; and E. Mansor, of Chillicothe; all under one ceremony. This is what might be called wholesale marriage in one family.—Missouri paper.

If you call that marrying by wholesale what would you call this?

We saw, a week or two ago, walking down Main street, from the direction of the "President's Office," a man accompanied by four ladies. An air of slight perturbation in the party, mingled with evident expressions of satisfaction and happiness, led us to inquire who they were? Some one present informed us that they were a party that had been up to President Young's office to be married, and that the four ladies had just been united in indissoluble bonds to the man accompanying them. That, we suppose, might be termed marriage in gross.—Salt Lake Van.

## Best Time to Cut Timber for Fencing.

Late Autumn is the best time for felling timber for almost any purpose, and it is particularly so when the timber is to be worked up into rails or stakes, or posts for fencing. At that season of the year the new wood has arrived at its complete maturity, and there is less sap and albumen in timber than there is at any other season of the year, which albumen, when exposed to the influence of the weather, hastens the decay of timber. If timber be cut and split out in the latter part of Autumn, the seasoning process is much more gradual and perfect, because the grain of the timber contracts more equally and uniformly, rendering the timber firmer and less porous, and less cracked, than when cut at many other seasons of the year. Besides, timber that is cut in late Autumn and split out, or saved out before Spring, will not "powder" or be injured by the worms working in it, nor be injured by dry rot, as is the case with timber, many times, which has been cut at some other season of the year. Fence posts and stakes, particularly, no matter what the kind of timber may be, when felled and split out in late Autumn, will outlast other posts and stakes, of the same kind of timber, which may be cut at a different season of the year, by several years, according to the time it may be cut. Reason teaches us that this is so, and the experience of the most successful experimenters in timber, furnish the most indubitable testimony to substantiate the fact.—Scientific American.

The most curious thing in the world is a woman who is not curious.

## A Dutch Sermon.

The following, admirable production, delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers during the Revolutionary struggle, upon the eve of their going to "glorious war," was calculated to inspire them with more than Herculean courage:

Mine Friends.—Ven virst you comed here you was poor and lousy; and now, mine friends, you is proud and sassy, and you gotten on your uniforms, and dem rit you like doings upon a hogs pack; now, mine friends, let me tell you dis, a man is a man if he is no bigger as my dumb. Ven Tavitt went out to vite mit Goliah, he took nothing mit him but ven sling; it was not a rum sling; no, it was a sling made mit one hickory schtick. Now, ven dis Goliah sees Tavitt coming, he says: "You von little second-rate, does you come to vite me? Evill give you de birds of the field and de beasts of de air." Tavitt says, "Goliah, Goliah, de mee is not always mid the swift nor ish de battle mid de strong, and a man is a man if he is no bigger as my dumb." So Tavitt he fixed a stone in his sling, and drows it at Goliah, and rocks him rite in the forehead, and Tavitt takes Goliah's sword, and cuts off his head—and den all the party tuls de shiddy comes out and strued flowers in his way and sung, Sail ish a great man for he has kilt thousands, but Tavitt ish greater man as he, for he has kilt Goliah.

## Curious Case.

A young man was tried before the Superior Court, at Salem, a week or two since, for stealing a horse and buggy of a stable keeper in Lynn. He confessed the crime, said he sold the team and took the money for it, but nevertheless he was acquitted by the jury! It appeared upon evidence and the statement of his own counsel, that the alleged thief was such an outrageous liar that there was no reliance to be placed upon his confession, even though it was against his own interest to make it. The man who was said to have bought the team was not forthcoming, and there being no corroborative evidence that the fellow told the truth, the judge ruled that the jury should believe him though he confessed everything charged in the indictment; and he was accordingly discharged. This is the first instance that has come under our observation of a man escaping punishment or reaping any similar advantage, solely from the fact that he was a notorious liar.—Lynn Reporter.

## WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.

A good joke is told of Corwin and a couple of fire-ates who yesterday morning chanced to be breakfasting together at their hotel. One of the Southern gentlemen unfolded a morning paper to learn the particulars of the great Union meeting in New York. You must know that notwithstanding the vociferations of disunionists, they have their eyes open to the effect in the North which their threats may have upon the people. Our Southern friend opened his newspaper carefully and turned to the telegraphic column. His eyes, soon rested upon the despatch, and he muttered aloud: "Great Union meeting—thirty thousand persons—Gen Scott nominated for President." The paper suddenly dropped, and the reader exclaimed to his friends:—"D—n it, the Union meeting in New York has been putting Scott forward for the Presidency. Why, I consider Scott to be a more dangerous man to the South than Seward himself!"

"Ah, yes, sir! no doubt of it," said Tom Corwin in his deep bass, "no doubt of it; for Scott is a fighting man." The pungency of his joke any one can see who has heard the constant threats of disunion by Southern members of late.

DEATH OF A NOTED PRISONER.—Stephen Bounds died in the Rhode Island State prison last week. His term of imprisonment would have expired on Christmas eve. He had lived thirty-two years, nearly half of which time had been spent in a State prison. He served six terms in Rhode Island, four of two years each, and two of one year each, and one in Charleston, Mass., of five years, each for stealing, with one exception, and that was for an assault with a dangerous weapon. He has besides been committed to the county jail several times. It is stated that he was a man of considerable natural ability, but lacked culture, both mental and moral.

A foreign paper gives an account of a curious sentence which has been passed at Unterwalden, Switzerland. A prisoner was put to the bar charged with disturbing the public order. The offence being proved, he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and to a regular attendance at the morning and afternoon religious exercises for two years.

W. H. Hooe, a post-master in Virginia, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public funds are missing from his office, and he asks "who has got the money?" Possibly he may answer—"I do."

A recently old bachelor says, a man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a woman never—she was "only mistaken."

Somebody suggests that the cow at Charleston, Va., was killed because she had two powder-horns on her head, and because she had been tail-bearing among the negroes.

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled ballot-boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.





THE ADAMS SENTINEL.

GETTYSBURG: MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1860.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania will assemble at Harrisburg to-morrow. We presume an immediate organization will take place, as the People's party have a decided majority in both branches.

**The "Globe Inn" Sold.**  
We learn that CHARLES WILL, Esq., has purchased from Mr. HARVEY D. WATKES the "Globe Inn," in this place, for \$6,000. It has been in the occupancy of the latter gentleman for nearly 21 years. Mr. WILL takes possession on the 1st of April next.

Mr. WILL has also purchased a farm from Mr. JOSEPH WIBLE, in Strasburg township, near town, for \$45 per acre, cash. Mr. JOSEPH WIBLE has purchased of Mr. WILL the better property on Baltimore street, with about 4 acres of land, for \$2,000, cash.

The gentlemanly young clerk in our neighbor SAMSON'S establishment, (Mr. BOLLINGER) made a narrow escape from injury, and probably death, a few days ago. A gentleman wishing to purchase a double-barreled gun, was shown one, which, it appears, had been loaded for some purpose. Mr. B. told him it was loaded, and removed the caps. Whilst examining it, however, one barrel accidentally went off, the shot passing within a few inches of Mr. Bollinger's head.

Our neighbor up street will still keep picking at us. In his last issue he says: "The Adams Sentinel publishes the Tribune prospectus" (Mr. Greeley's paper). We acknowledge that he has for once told the truth. We do publish it; and we get paid for it, too, as he does for any advertisement he publishes.

The United Presbyterian Church in this place has recently undergone a thorough re-modeling, both in the interior and exterior, and will be opened for service very shortly. The opening exercises will take place on the third Sabbath of this month (the 16th), when the Rev. Dr. DALES, of Philadelphia, is expected to preach the opening sermon, and assist in the exercises of the Communion, which will be held at that time. The Pew-renting system has been adopted, and on Wednesday last a centing of the pews took place.

The address of JOHN C. ELLIS, Esq., County Superintendent of Common Schools, which we publish to-day, will be found of interest, and will repay a perusal.

We have had a fine snow in this region, and the "merry sleigh-bell is jingling" in our streets incessantly.

The Fayetteville Female Seminary, under the superintendence of Rev. JOSHUA KENNEDY, had a very pleasing entertainment a few days ago, preparatory to a vacation during the holidays. We have not the particulars of the affair, but learn it was highly interesting. The Exercises of the Seminary will be resumed on Wednesday next. The Institution, we learn, is in quite a flourishing condition.

**Waynesboro' Railroad.**

Mr. GERR's corps of engineers have completed a survey from Waynesboro' to this place. They ran up from Waynesboro' to the Mountain near the Turnpike, then up Red Run to near the Gate, crossing the old "Lape-worm," (as it has been nicknamed) at the far end of the graded portion of that road, crossing the Mountain at or near the Gum Springs, which is considered the lowest point in the mountain; then running along or near the Furnace road, crossing Tom's Creek above Snyder's saw-mill, then passing back of Bigham's, or Royer's farm, keeping above Reed's and Watson's Saw-mill, connecting with the old "Lape-worm" at the Viaduct, and keeping that road from Maria Furnace to this place. Mr. GERR intends running another line or two before making his report to the Board. The distance from Waynesboro' to the Viaduct at Maria Furnace, is less than 13 miles, and from there to Gettysburg 13 miles, which is already graded. No calculation has yet been made of the probable cost. We learn that from the strong feeling evinced by our Waynesboro' friends, the road will be eventually made.

There is not a Republican member of the House of Representatives of the U. States, nor a People's Party member, who is not determined that this Union "must and shall be preserved." They will do nothing to imperil it, nor will they permit any traitor hand to remove one stone of the edifice. No Union man in Congress could do otherwise than vote against such men for Speaker as BOOCOCK, MILSON, and the like. We are glad to see that our Representative, Mr. McPHERSON, has done so, in every instance, from the most wise and patriotic motives.

Mrs. D. Whitman, Esq., one of the Opposition members elected to the next Legislature, from Dauphin county, died a few days ago. He was a member of the last Legislature.

**THE FESTIVAL AND FAIR.**—The Festival and Fair gotten up by the Ladies for the benefit of the People's Band came off as previously announced, and was truly a grand affair and brilliant success. The period for preparation was short, and the times by no means auspicious, yet we know from the perseverance and energy of our Ladies, they would not only carry the matter through but that they would make it pay. The Fair opened about 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, and the Supper at 7, in the two upper halls in the large building of Messrs. SCHAUB & BRENNER. The tables in the Fair Room were so arranged as to show everything off to advantage, while their surroundings were as attractive to the young gentlemen, and buyers generally, as the articles beneath which they groaned. The Halls were brilliantly illuminated and decorated with wreaths, flowers and flags, which showed a remarkable degree of taste on the part of those who fixed it up. The Band itself occupied the stage at the west end of the Hall, and never performed more faithfully or acquitted themselves more creditably, than on this occasion. The articles all found ready sale, at good prices, which swelled the profits beyond the expectations of even the most sanguine. Our citizens were very liberal in their contributions to the Fair, while our country friends showed an equal degree of generosity in their contributions, which were more particularly to the Supper—consequently the proceeds thereof were nearly clear profit. The Rooms were closed about half past ten o'clock on Saturday night and reopened on Monday morning, and continued open until the same hour on Monday night. Throughout the day the Fair was thronged with visitors, and when evening came the crowd was greatly increased. Everything passed off so quietly, so creditably and so pleasantly, that it will long be remembered by those interested, as one of the most pleasing recollections of the past. The Ladies deserve much praise for the manner in which the whole thing was conducted, and have the warm thanks of the Band for this mark of their good will. We are not prepared to say precisely what the clear profits are, as the accounts as yet have not been audited, but they are beyond the expectations of all.

The proceeds were about *Two Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars*, while the expenses were comparatively light. The Band is not yet entirely out of debt, but on a fair way to be enjoying that comfortable position, and that before long.—*Star.*

Whatever disunion sentiment of importance exists in the country, (leaving off the few fanatical disunionists of the North, whom every man, who reflects, deems in the grossest error in this particular, and have done immense mischief) and all pronounced in Congress, has its home in the Democratic party of the South. The Southern members are the masters of the Democratic party. Yet Northern democrats appeal to Union men in the North to preserve the Union, by keeping up the Democratic organization. That is—preserve the house from conflagration by placing incendiaries where they can most effectively do their work. Jackson had a different way of crushing out disunion. He put his foot on Traitors—not rewarded them with office.

As an illustration of the hold the radical South have upon the Administration and the Democratic party, is the recent appointment as Superintendent of Public Printing, of JOHN HEARTY. Mr. H. is one of the proprietors of the *Charleston Mercury*, which is Rhetts' organ in South Carolina, and is so much of a disunion paper that it is anxious, or professionally so, to disrupt the Union on any and every occasion. Mr. Buchanan shows his appreciation of their sentiments by giving the holder of them a lucrative office, and the Democratic Senate confirms the appointment!

The President announces in his message the important fact that the revenue will be inadequate for the expense of the government, even at their reduced rate.—A modification of the Tariff seems, therefore, to be unavoidable, and we hope such a measure will meet with little opposition, under the circumstances. It is high time that something was done to relieve the country from the immense drain of the precious metals, to pay for foreign fabrics, and to encourage Home Industry.

We have a secret to tell, that may open the eyes of our Southern brethren a little. It is this—not to be whispered too loudly: the very men who are foremost in denouncing their Northern fellow citizens as traitors, mix with them in the next hour, visit their families, trust them in commerce, and are trusted in turn, act with them in many social relations with full confidence, and exchange with them all the courtesies of civilized life. Is it patriotic for them to do all this with traitors? The ways of the politicians, too, at Washington, are precious little understood by the people at large.—They think the different parties in Congress are at daggers' point, sometimes; whereas were they there to see them, they would see the most opposite bitter partisans cheek by jowl and on the most easy terms possible. We happened to be at Washington, last winter, just after Cameron had pitched into Bigler, and their constituents thought they were almost on the verge of a duel. The first scene witnessed after entering the Senate chamber, was Bigler walking across the hall to Cameron's seat, leaning over his chair, and the two talking and laughing not merely in a friendly way, but so familiarly and lovingly that we expected every minute to see them embrace! We saw Mr. Mason also at Mr. Seward's seat engaged apparently in the most agreeable conversation! And so on backwards and forwards.

The sleighing is now better than it has been in Chicago since the snowy winter of 1854.

**ADDRESS**  
Of JOHN C. ELLIS, Esq., County Superintendent of Adams County, delivered at the Adams County Teachers' Institute, at New Oxford, Dec. 8th, 1859.

**Ladies and Gentlemen:**—In calling you together at so early a period of the school term, we were governed by the opinion that, whatever of good might result from our exercises, could be carried into your respective schools and there be made to operate so effectually and beneficially that, from this time onwards, our Institute might become more and more worthy of public confidence and esteem.

In order, however, that our Institute may be properly conducted and properly appreciated, and lead to results of moment to ourselves, and consequently to the schools of the County, it should be our primary and grand object to combine ourselves into a brotherhood of men and women, ever striving to increase our mental power, our acquisition of knowledge, and our skill in its use. Now, what incentives have we to this? Certainly, the weighty responsibilities resting upon us. And what are those responsibilities? We answer, the proper training and culture of the faculties, moral and intellectual, which society contains—a wholesome guidance of the affections and passions of youth—the repression of the evil, and the development of the good dispositions which are universal with human nature, and upon which the character and fate of society depends.—Surely no higher responsibilities can attach to any profession—no stronger incentives arise to the necessary toil and perseverance requisite to the proper fitness for a faithful discharge of our duties. "To diffuse useful information," says Lord Brougham, one of the brightest of English intellects, "to further intellectual refinement—to hasten the coming of the bright day when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists, even from the base of the social pyramid, is, indeed, a high calling in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward eager to bear a part." And if there be such a thing as happiness here, it will be found, (independent of our knowledge and obedience to the laws of nature, which make health physical and spiritual,) in obeying our natural propensity to action, to some continuous useful end; that is, in pursuing reasonably some one of the many vocations in society, which tend to the common good. Now, as we have assembled together, mainly to exercise a free interchange of educational ideas—to discuss and illustrate principles—to explain the best methods of teaching—to train our minds to concentrate their efforts, and direct their energies, I hope this will afford power sufficient to prevent reserve or bashfulness from hindering any one from discharging properly his or her duty here.—Abstractly, I take it, there should be found for all the teachers of our land, the necessary stimulant to proper exertion, in the fact that the halcyon of education must be thrown around the sacred temple of our liberty, to preserve it from the ever-tolling ocean of arbitrary power, and the vandalism of ruthless hands. This education, however, must not be superficial, must not be frail, must not, like forms traced by the finger upon sand, be so unreal that abstractions down it, and cunning guile it in the meshes of sophistry. No; it must be solid, it must be deep, it must be real.

In this connection I may be allowed to remark, that I am able, from personal observation, and careful inquiry, to say that our schools are becoming, day by day, more beneficially operative, and that the grade of qualified teachers is increasing. All this is encouraging; but while I affirm it, I cannot help me to add, there is room for improvement, much improvement, and, as laborers in the great educational field of the Commonwealth, it is your bounden duty to accomplish that improvement, and, as an earnest of your intention so to do, your presence here to-day, is stronger than language can express. It is well, also, that you manifest so laudable and so deep an interest in matters pertaining to the welfare of your schools, for we have an educational system which, while second to none in the Union, has elevated the standard of popular education, and its great, grand, indeed we might add, crowning intention is, to make education universal, domestic and familiar; thereby relieving her from the trammels of *scholarship*, and rendering every one the peer of his fellow in point of knowledge. See you not, then, the near approach of the day when none other than *live* teachers can get control of our schools? When the dull moths of sloth, apathy, and indifference, that flutter about our school rooms during the winter term, solicitous only to obtain the wages which the station of teacher commands, will be brushed away, to make room for those who have fitted themselves, by correct education, for a competent discharge of the duties of their profession? I believe you do. And I have the warrant for this belief in the fact that, in every district of our country, with one exception, at my examination of teachers, we were favored, as you well know, not only with the presence of Directors, but, also, with that of many of the people, and all intensely interested in the matters in progress before them. Let me, therefore, respectfully urge you to remember that *Teachers* are the instruments by which the blessings of education are to be diffused—that *Teachers* are the source through which industry is to find the secret of its power, and the means of its elevation—that *Teachers*, the guardians of the "Peoples' Colleges," have the eyes of the community resting upon them, rigidly, but justly, marking their course, and that community ready to hold them to a strict accountability. Go, then, down to your work properly—labor faithfully to place our County Institute upon a proper basis—get up District Institutes—avail yourselves of every possible means to increase your stock of professional knowledge—let it be *professional* knowledge, that is necessary. For, what would it avail, if the teacher were learned as a Newton or a Lardner, and not able to impart that learning to his pupils intelligibly—not able to make the scholar understand readily the subject under investigation? The power of *imparting* knowledge is the great secret of practical teaching, and he who can, in an easy, conversational style, interchange ideas with his pupils—can step away from the text book, and, by the mastery he has acquired over his own mind, through diligent, undivided, concentrated thought, so scatter the glittering diamonds of knowledge around him in colors so pleasing, so enchanting, that

his "little flock," hanging spell-bound upon his words, strive to lose no portion thereof; does, indeed, fully possess this secret of imparting knowledge. But endeavor not to accomplish too much at once—let "little by little" be your maxim—force your way through the mountain—be your own ferryman across the waters—look difficulties bravely in the face, and keep constantly in your mind's eye the language of Phillips, that education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no time destroy, no adversity enslave. At home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament, it chastens vice, it guides virtue, and gives efficiency and ornament to genius. Do all this, and, in time, you will become (what so many desire to do,) eminent and successful teachers.

Just as we are putting our paper to press (Friday afternoon) we have learned with regret, that our interesting friend, Mrs. BASSICK, wife of Professor Essick, at present of Hanover, died very suddenly to-day. Her remains will be brought here this evening for interment at Ever Green Cemetery.

The House of Representatives at Washington is still unorganized. Mr. Sherman still lacks 4 votes of an election—while the Democrats are *boasting* about for somebody to catch the outsiders. It won't do. They can't get the Speaker. Mr. Sherman will be the man yet, we think.

BRANCH, of S. C. and GHOSE, of Pa., had a "war of words" on Thursday in the H. of Rep. at Washington, and "talked big"; but we suppose, like on very many other occasions of the kind, the "intervention of friends" will settle the matter, much to the gratification of the principals.

The members of the Lutheran Church of Hagerstown, whose Pastor, the Rev. R. LITZ, is about to leave them for a new field of labor, pre-empted to him and his lady, during the Christmas holidays, several hundred dollars worth of articles, as a mark of the high esteem in which they are held by those from whom they are about to part.

Disunion is now the corner-stone of the Democratic platform. And yet this revolutionary and treasonable party presumes to count Jackson in the list of its heroes. The truth is that the party at the present day is nothing but an incarnation of the ideas and policy of Mr. Calhoun, whom Jackson wanted to hang—only Mr. Calhoun never proposed anything more than to nullify a law of Congress. The present Democracy proposes to nullify the Constitution and the Union.

The Charleston *Freemasonry* forebly condemns the violence which has been visited upon Northern men in some parts of the South. It says: "We are still in the Union, and it is, in our opinion, both unjust and highly injurious to make war on men because they are Northerners, and without plain ground or proceedings against them."

**A Change.**

It is gratifying to observe that there are Southern gentlemen who are proud to proclaim in the halls of Congress their love of the common Union, and their determination to stand by it at all hazards. Mr. HILL, of Georgia, and Mr. ANDERSON, of Kentucky, have recently spoken in this noble manner, as did Mr. NELSON, of Tennessee, at the first of the session. But these men, it should be remembered, are not Democrats, but have had to fight Democratic influence and vituperation, in order to get their present seats. We cannot doubt, however, that they speak the real sentiments of the people of the South; and we shall be surprised if the tide of disunion utterances in the House does not shortly appear to have reached a turn.

A colored man, named Henry HALLINGER, was executed at Harrisburg on Friday week, for the murder of his wife. He made a full confession.

The steamer Baltic arrived at New York a few days ago, with a large number of passengers and \$1,408,234 in treasure. The through trip was made in 18 days and 20 hours from San Francisco!

**Slavery in Nebraska.**

The House of Representatives in the Legislature of Nebraska have passed an "act to prohibit slavery in the Territory of Nebraska." The vote was, yeas 21, nays 17.—The negative vote was not a vote in favor of slavery, but a vote against the passage of a most unnecessary piece of Buncombe.—There are no slaves in Nebraska, and none are ever expected to be there. The opponents of the bill voted against it for the same reason that they would vote against a bill to prohibit the Dead Sea from being located in Nebraska.

**The Mormons.**

The Mormons, according to their own census, are decreasing in Utah. In 1856 they numbered 38,000; in 1857 only 31,022; and in 1858 only about 30,000.—They claim, however, that they are increasing in the country at large and in the world, and they ascribe the diminution in Utah to temporary causes and absences.—It is computed that there are 32,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, and 7,000 on the Continent of Europe, besides some 5,000 in Canada, 4,000 in California, and several thousand in the Eastern States and South America. Altogether they number 126,000. Utah is the only place where they practice polygamy and carry out their theories of civil government as well as of religion, and it is the only place where they do not increase.

LONG STORY.—Ex-United States Senator James, of Rhode Island, has invented a cannon, which, a board of army officers report, will carry shot with accuracy a distance of over six miles.

**Distressing Affair—Horrible Suffering of a Family.**

(From the *Blaine (Pottsville, Pa.) Journal*.)  
On Saturday afternoon last, a young man who had been sent to St. Clair to Hackett, with a team, for the purpose of removing the family of Mr. Valentine Frantz to the former place, found it necessary to unhitch his horses and leave the wagon which contained the family, on a mountain to go home and have his horses' shoes sharpened. The persons composing the family, left in that dangerous position, were Mrs. Frantz, five small children, an elder daughter and her husband. After the driver had been absent some time, the family left the wagon, for the purpose, if possible, of reaching their home; but the rain falling fast and freezing as rapidly as it fell, impeded their progress. Mrs. Frantz sank to the ground a dozen times, in a distance of between one and two miles, yet she clung to and protected her babe, with the fervor which characterizes a mother's love. At last Mrs. Frantz, overcome by cold and fatigue, could proceed no further. The young man placed her and four of the children on the ground, in as sheltered a position as he could find; picked up the remaining child, a boy, in his arms, and with his wife, proceeded homeward as rapidly as possible.

On reaching home, he informed his friends of the occurrence, and they started in search of the unfortunate sufferers.—When discovered, Mrs. Frantz and the children were insensible. The mother was lying on her back, with her babe pressed tightly to her bosom, while her clothing was frozen to the ground. One of the children, a little girl, while attempting, evidently, to crawl up the hill, had slipped; her clothing was stripped from her person, and she was found exposed and frozen to the ground.—The children were taken to a place of shelter, but Mrs. Frantz was not removed until a wagon had been procured. The first inquiry from her lips when restored to consciousness, was for her children. The boy first taken home, has died. It is thought that Mrs. Frantz will recover. The babe is well. There is, however, some doubt of the recovery of the other children. What the little family suffered in the long hours of that Saturday afternoon and night, exposed to the peltings of a pitiless storm, and to the chilling atmosphere of a winter day, on a bleak mountain, with the nearest house miles away, and their friends ignorant of their condition; what that mother must have suffered mentally, in her agony for her poor children, our readers can imagine. We will not attempt a description.

Both Houses of the Legislature of Virginia have unanimously accepted the flag presented to the State by the Union men of Philadelphia. The resolution of acceptance is to the following effect:

"That we gratefully accept this beautiful gift as a renewed evidence of the devoted patriotism of that heroic band of Northern co-sufferers who have so long maintained an unequal contest with the assaults of our rights and the enemies of peace, and that, whatever fortune may invite or fate impel us in the future, Virginia will cherish with affectionate gratitude the memory of those who so bravely encountered the frowns of faction, and so nobly defy the fury of fanaticism."

GEORGE WASHINGTON, commonly called the Father of his country, in 1798, in a letter to General Lafayette, said:

"I agree with you cordially in your views in regard to negro slavery. I have long considered it a most serious evil, both socially and politically, and I should rejoice in any feasible scheme to rid our States of such a burden."

The Congress of 1787 adopted an ordinance which prohibits the existence of involuntary servitude in our Northwestern Territory forever. I consider it a wise measure. It met with the approval and assent of nearly every member of the States more immediately interested in slave labor. The prevailing opinion in Virginia is against the spread of slavery into the new Territories, and I trust we shall have a Confederacy of free States."

What a terrible "black" Republican Gen. Washington must have been.

Rated Senator Mason of Virginia: "The question among patriots—honest-minded, thinking, responsible men—there will be: Is there any mode on God's earth by which the Union can be preserved? That will be the question—Is there any mode left by which the Union can be preserved?"

Effectually replies *The Baltimore Patriot*: "Nothing in the world is easier than the solution of this question. As nobody is talking of dissolving the Union but your own party, all you have to do is to stop such useless gabble, and submit to the decision of the majority, lawfully declared, like law-abiding citizens, and the Union will stand till doomsday."

LOSS OF THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN A GAMBLING HELL.—*Attempt at Suicide by a New York Merchant.*—A few days since, a member of a New York importing house, whose name we suppress at the solicitation of his friends, came to this city on business, and stopped with a mercantile friend, residing on Ninth street. Friday night he visited a gambling hell on Fourth street, and, before leaving, deposited about three thousand dollars with a vicious "tiger," kept in the institution. Feeling well satisfied that it would not "open its ponderous and marble jaws," and that the deposit was a permanent one, he became so affected by his loss, that he returned to his lodgings at an early hour, and swallowed an ounce of laudanum. He is in a fair way of recovery.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.—The Montreal Gazette, in giving an account of the execution of a man named Beauregard, in that city, for the murder of a farmer, says that the attendant minister requested the spectators to pray for the condemned. The vast multitude, with few exceptions, knelt down and engaged in prayer, and for a time nothing was heard but the hum of many voices praying for Beauregard's soul. The priest also exhorted the people present to take example by Beauregard's sad end, and not frequent the tavern; the tavern led to the jail, and the jail to the scaffold.







